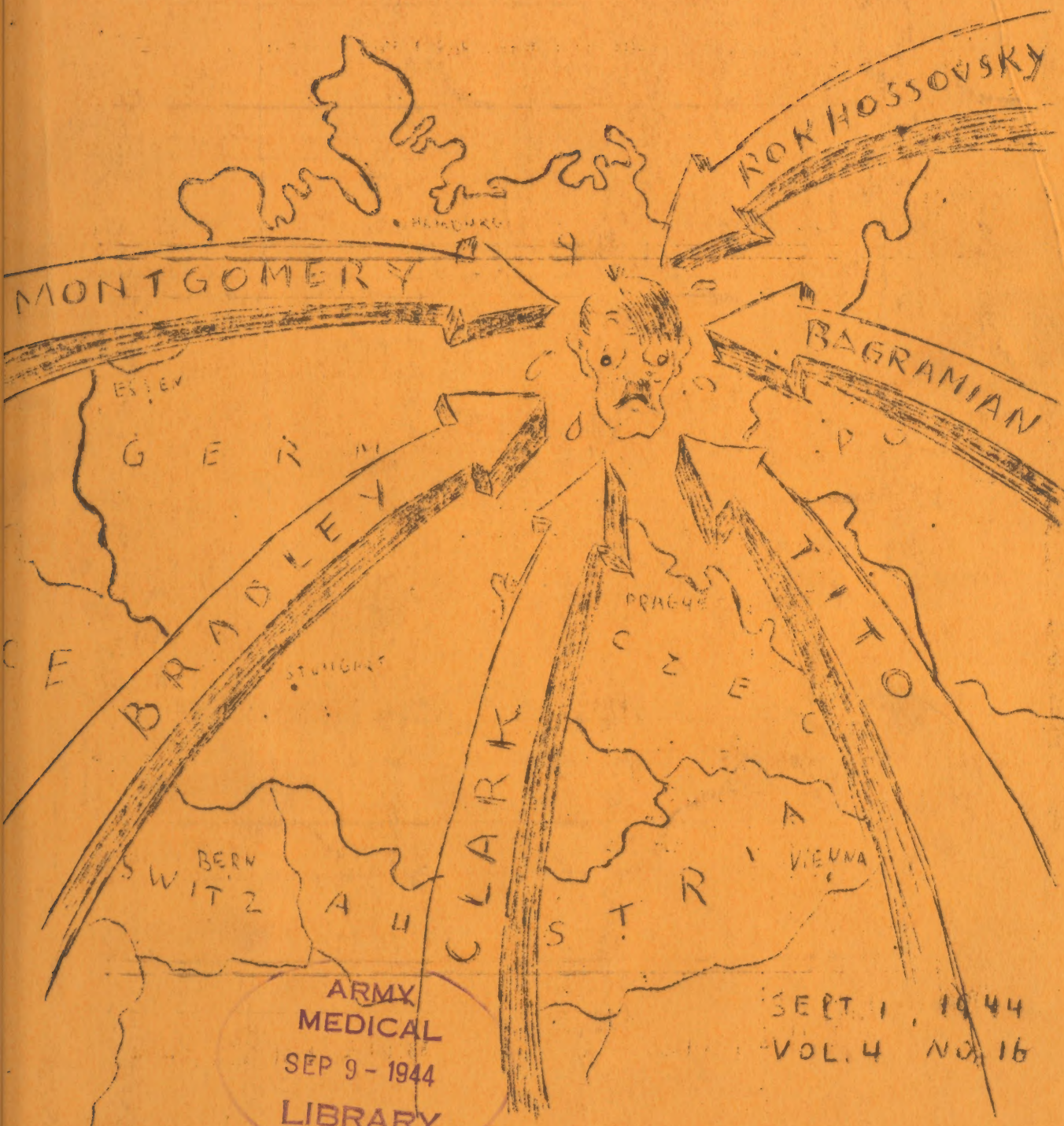


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TILTON TALK

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EDITORIAL

There will be a big toorah on the day Germany falls. The celebration in the streets of Paris directly follow-
ing that city's liberation was a small sample of the re-
joicing that will reign throughout the lands of the Al-
lied Nations.

Obviously, then, we want peace desperately. We long
for the days when one lived as lazy an existence as one
wished. That is no more than right considering our heri-
tage.

But it is necessary that we temper this all-consum-
ing desire for an end to hostilities with the earnest
conviction that there be no peace other than uncondition-
al surrender. For the military minds of Germany want
nothing more than to condition our minds to a "soft
peace" for the Fascists. They know of our desires for
peace and play upon that pardonable weakness.

But we must stand firm. Today the Nazis threaten
to use poison gas on our soldiers and on the civilian
population of England in the unreasoning belief that it
will break the will of our Armies. We know better. We
know it will only serve to stoke the fires of our fury
and knit the peoples of democracy more firmly together
than ever before. Roosevelt, Churchill and Stalin have
pronounced the final sentence:

"Death to the Fascists!"

And, by the same token, we must remember another
task that confronts us after Germany has been crushed
into submission. The Japanese, too, would be more than
glad to offer us a compromise, or "bargain," peace.
Their smiling envoys would be happy to return all U.S.
possessions in the Pacific as of pre-Pearl Harbor, the
Japanese to be given a free hand in China.

The fall of China would be much more than the loss
of an Ally. Outside the humanitarian angle, we would
only be giving the Nips enough time to get ready for
another, greater attack upon the United States. That,
too, must not happen.

TILTON COAST to COAST

If a civilian should suddenly step up to you, thrust a camera in your face, and begin grinding away on same, think nothing of it. Merely smile, show your good profile, and go on about your business.

The explanation? Well, that fellow is a motion picture cameraman shooting scenes for a picture entitled "The Army Doctor" which is being made by the Princeton Film Center. The picture is being made at the direction of the State Department and is intended primarily for distribution in Central and South America. The purpose, of course, is to foster Pan-American relations and to instruct our southern neighbors in our military medical techniques.

On Tuesday evening, August 29th, 1944, Tilton was saluted on the Dick Haymes' "Something for the Boys" program over the network facilities of the National Broadcasting Company. Haymes and his guest, June Allyson, dedicated several musical numbers to the hospital and mentioned specific patients who are being treated here.

Several weeks ago, as many may remember, Coca Cola originated one of its Spotlight Band broadcasts from the hospital, employing the svelte rhythms of Frankie Carle and his orchestra.

At frequent intervals Tom Slater's "This Is Fort Dix" program emanates from the Recreation Centers of either Tilton or the Annex and is heard over the Mutual Network from coast to coast.

We review these programs and motion picture to point out that Tilton General Hospital is rapidly becoming one of the better-known military installations in the United States. As such we are establishing a high standard that must be maintained at all times.

Our medical and surgical reputation, of course, has been and will continue to be completely beyond reproach. By our personal actions, too, we can invite more and greater recognition of the efforts of the entire staff.

"...the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune..."

The cover on this issue of TILTON TALK somehow fits the above quotation from Shakespeare's famous Hamlet soliloquy. There is no doubt that the "slings and arrows" are reaching closer and closer to Hitler's neck and that one or more of them will deliver the mortal blow in the near future.

However, we would like to apologize for the omission of several very important arrows pointed Hitler's way. Space limitations forced us to leave out General Patch's push from Southern France, Patton's roaring offensive from east of Paris, the rain of bombs from Allied planes, and the Russian Armies driving through Roumania.

The CHAPLAINS' CORNER

No, these are not the words of a churchman setting forth his theme for his weekly sermon. The hard, cold logic of our times evidences the statement that the American people are learning "that it pays to pray." Have you listened recently to accounts of returning servicemen, depicted so eloquently for us on the radio? Have you read accounts in our papers and magazines of the "wonders that prayer hath wrought?" Do you recall the song "Coming in on a Wing and a Prayer"? More than one of our returning air men has said "There's more truth than poetry in those words! We came in on a prayer."

Men are beginning to realize that there are powers and forces in the world more basic than anything in the rule book of naturalistic science. Yes, this is a scientific age. And we desire to rationalize everything, even the existence of God and his tremendous powers operating so mysteriously in the universe. And the matter of prayer is no exception. Well, let us be scientific and rationalize for a few moments on that subject. What is prayer? Conversation of the heart with God, uttered or unexpressed? Most certainly. It is also the medium by which man has contact with the most law-abiding Personality in the Universe, namely God. - He created this world according to fixed laws. The laws of gravitation, electricity, radio, were there from the world's beginning. - We are discovering these laws of God, for man's pleasure and convenience.

Perhaps through these trying days we may find the "laws" of prayer. - We speak of a prayer as being "fervent". What do we mean? Certainly that word speaks to us of emotion, profound determination and an earnest faith, which leads us to this thought - "A person in prayer seeks to bring his mind into contact with God, from material to spiritual things." - Hence it follows that the person must be earnest, affirmative and right-minded. Call it, if you will, the "Technique of Prayer". Assume a positive mental attitude. Forget the negatives. Enlarge on the positives. Feel that God is positive - affirmative - and can and will answer your prayer. - That means praying, with a sense of faith. That does not mean that He is always going to answer our prayer in the way we want. Why should He? Is our wisdom greater than His? But in faith, we can commune with God and say "Here is my problem, Lord, help me, that it might be solved right. I am offering my solution but it may not be the best. Thou knowest."

That will bring to our minds relaxation, quiet, meditation. Does that not follow as a "Law of Prayer"?

Prayer is not something vague or unreal - only to be used when we "get into a jam". Yes, you can be scientific about your prayer life. Would it not, in these hectic days, be well to try it?

There was "something beautiful" about America at prayer on D-Day. But why only D-Day? Our buddies and ourselves, we need prayer every day!

Frederick C. Frommagen

HOSPITAL DAZE

The reason "Hospital Daze" was called "Hospital Daze" is that the producers knew beforehand the show would be so wonderful and the audience so impressed that they would go into a daze and have to be put into the hospital as patients. Lest this be construed as an unkind statement we hasten to add that the show really was that good but due to the hospital's already being completely filled no incapacitated members of the crowd in front of the footlights could be accommodated.

The performance started off with a thrilling choral rendition by the entire company, during which the leading characters, Pfc. Philbert Squinch (Pvt. Lewis Bondurant) and Dr. Rhinease Shoredharma (Pfc. Gene DiPiano) were introduced in a dazzling manner to the awe-inspired guests. There ensued a series of blackouts, dealing with the trials and tribulations of said Squinch in his lusty endeavors to obtain a CDD, the moral of the tale being "Crime don't pay, or, once the Army gets you, bub, you're stuck, so you might as well relax."

Interspersed throughout the opus were specialty numbers, spectacular in a manner to dwarf even Buzby Berkeley who had come specially from Hollywood to see the show, and whose mouth hung agape as he wilted in his chair, convinced that he was through. Next to him sat Max Gordon, the Broadway producer, who was so moved he decided to stake his all and take a flyer on the play to a tune of six dollars cash. Gypsy Rose Lee had planned to be among those present to get some pointers from Pvt. Robert Bazan, alias "Skinny Minnie from New Guinea", for of the many highlights of the evening, Minnie was practically the pinnacle. It's probably just as well that Gypsy's delicate condition kept her at home or she would have had a miscarriage out of sheer envy. Of course it might have been interesting work for Major Katz.

At this point we cut out all the kidding and seriously state that all the members of the cast can be rightfully proud of themselves for putting on such a swell job of entertainment. If we were to enumerate all those deserving praise we would have to mention every single one of the actors - for which we don't have enough space - but we must mention, in addition to those we have already praised Pvt. Dick Bly as Al McGrann and WAC Cpls. Helen LoBello and Polly Johnson in the dual roles of the wife and a Hawaiian dancer and the little girl and a Hawaiian dancer respectively.

The costumes and props were all made by the patients, under the supervision of Capt. Josephine Springer and the orchestra was directed by Sgt. Jack Schwartz.

If any of the member of the cast have not yet received contracts for Hollywood or Broadway it is simply because Tilton Hospital mail is late these days. The post office is moving and there is a slight delay in deliveries.

THE MEDIC IN THE FIELD

There are heroes and there are heroes. But if we can take the word of men who have been there and seen, the greatest work in this war is being done by the Medics.

Listen to an Infantry man tell it:

"Look, friend, you can get hurt out there. When I go into action I'm scared. My buddies are scared, the non-coms are scared, I guess even the officers are scared. But I've never seen a Medic hesitate for a second when there's a guy wounded out there on the field. I've seen those company aid men run like hell into the thickest of it as if it were raining rain instead of steel just to give a GI a shot of morphine and get him the hell out of there. So look, friend, don't ever kid a Medic in front of an Infantry man. We'll knock your block off!"

That is, of course, if there is anything left of the vaunter for the Infantry man to get at. Medics are not weak-kneed, soft-stepping intellectuals who wear glasses and read Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire in their spare time--all insidious rumors to that effect notwithstanding. It is a fact that any Medic is able to shoot, march and fight as well as any Infantry man, if he is attached to the Infantry. If he is with an Engineer outfit, he can do anything any Engineer can do. Or an Armored Force or Artillery or you name your branch.

But in addition to being a member of his regular outfit the Medic knows his splints and bandages as well. Take a man who is assigned to the Infantry, for example. He goes down to Fort Bragg where for fourteen weeks he is given the most intensive kind of training known to the Army. Every form of splint, bandage, litter-drill, and general first-aid work imaginable is taught to him over and over again until it all comes as second nature.

Then he is instructed in the delicate art of setting up a Battalion Aid Station, one which can operate from a truck or merely from under a tree. No luxury of a tent for these men. Too easy to spot from the sky and the enemy has no respect for a red cross or any Medical unit. Besides, it may give away the outfit's position.

Your Medic has a thousand other duties in addition. That morphine sarrat is on his person at all times and you can bet your Garand he knows how to use it. The commanding officer of a company in the field may ask the company aid man--an enlisted man--whether an area is suitable for bivouac. Whether the kitchen and toilet facilities, the water, and the general health of the position are unsanitary. The Medic is expected to know the answers.

A member of our detachment, Pfc. Jack Tiger, was a company aid man in Africa and Sicily, attached to an Infantry Division. The front lines were so far extended at one time, he recalls, that a man had to be carried 15 miles on a litter to be given some necessary treatment. "The toughest job of all in the field," says Jack, "is keeping things clean. Man, the best housekeeper in the world wouldn't like to do her spring cleaning in some of the spots we visited."

Meet CAPT. SMITH

The GIs among the patients and the members of the detachment of Tilton are unanimous on one subject. "This is the best damn mess I've ever eaten," they say after tasting our chow--and that covers a lot of territory. For the men here today have come from every corner of the United States and points overseas.

We therefore invite Captain Frank W. Smith into the spotlight for his grand job as Mess Officer of Tilton General Hospital. And we take this opportunity to point out that Captain Smith is one man whose civilian experience fitted him perfectly for his Army assignment.

For the past 30 years Captain Smith has worked in mental hospitals in New England and handled food for various large institutions in that field. For the past 25 years he acted as business manager of the Northhampton State Hospital. Army Classification has obviously done a fine job.

Captain Smith was born in Great Bend, Pennsylvania, on May 14, 1889. At the age of 10 his family moved to Binghamton, New York, where he received his formal education. In 1909, when Howard Taft was President of the United States and the countries economic setup was still shaking from the panic of 1907, young Frank Smith left his formal schooldays behind him and looked about for a job in the world. A position as attendant in a Binghamton Hospital was open and the Captain snapped it up. That decided his life's work.

Somehow the fortunes of hospital work took Captain Smith to Northhampton, Massachusetts, where he became connected with the Northhampton State Hospital. There was one important interruption. During World War I, Captain Smith was called for war work and he was assigned to Camp Humphreys, Virginia, doing work for the Quartermaster Corps. Between the two wars the Captain was an enlisted man in the Massachusetts National Guard. He arrived at his present assignment 18 months ago and is officially on military leave from his civilian work.

As a civilian Captain Smith held the title of Food Co-ordinator for the Department of Mental Health of Massachusetts, Advisor to the City of Northhampton Food Management Committee, and Purchasing Agent for the American Red Cross of Hampshire County.

Captain Smith's present work places him responsible for 9 mess halls and the food for all training units in this area. He is also Post Supervisor and Custodian of Funds.

The Captain observed an old-fashioned movie tradition by marrying his secretary 18 years ago. His wife, Natalie M. Smith, is a native of Effingham, New Hampshire. The Smiths at present reside in Mount Holly, New Jersey.

When he has a few hours off duty, the Captain likes nothing better than a good session of hunting or fishing. "New Jersey game," says the Captain, "is about as good as that back home in Massachusetts. I'm particularly partial to the fishing in the pond on Colonel Turnbull's Farm."



AND

CACKLE, CACKLE!!

Ah, ha! you say - a "Drake-u-line" version of the well-known "Quack-Quack" - apologies, Doc Duck.

Your reporter was given this assignment two days before deadline. A calamity - particularly since these ears haven't been very frisky lately.

A quiet corner was selected to sit and think (brain numb)....oh Yes! A new name. A "duck" is on my mind....and here we run into difficulties. This reporter is not a country gal - strictly city bred....Now what in the world is the feminine of duck? Ah! I have it - goose! I straighten up, pat myself, and think, "Why, for a city gal you're not so dumb."....But no - horrors! I'm deflated too soon. The dictionary (my special one) says a goose may be a male pass, but never a male duck! Cackle, Cackle....

And so this gadabout gandered for two days - and found this good bit from the Annex: Dot Carter was walking along the corridor, intently listening to the story being told her by Capt. Frediani. He finally stopped and startled Dot by saying, "And where do you intend going from here?" The interested Dot had followed him into the Officer's Quarters! A girl after my own heart, Dot....

We understand there was quite a party after the staff dinner Friday night. Why - Ruth Ingraham and Barbara Northrup won a ride in a submarine! Will it be L.O.D. yes, girls?

That faithful Dodge of Isabel Murtha's. She was heard bemoaning the fact that her car stalled one night in a recent storm - the spark plugs were wet. I'm bewildered. I remember the time her battery was charged, points fixed - but spark plugs? An anatomy book, please.

And what's this Surgical Unit we hear poor Rose Harvey is losing sleep over? Mops. pails, GI soap, buckets, elbow grease....and the head of the gang seems to be quite a slave-driver....Now, Capt. Healy, have pity.

New A.G.O. cards. We still wonder if the old were intended as a new weapon to scare the enemy. They make it so easy for us girls who just hate to have our pictures taken....A ride in the back of a G.I. truck that will condition you for a very choppy sea - of course Jessie McIntrye gleefully passed out salt water taffy - just to make sure the jaws stay together! - finger prints first so that no one will dare put her hands to her hair, and then the very fitting question asked by one of the girls as she looked at the chair, "Am I supposed to straddle this?"

The solemn expression seen recently on Virginia Marhoffer's face caused by a bad wisdom tooth. When she arrived at the Dental Clinic - after a good sales talk to herself -the dentist asked her if it gave her much trouble. "Oh, no," said Ginny, "it only hurts about once a month!" I wonder why he looked so puzzled?

Quarters don't seem the same any more without the familiar faces of Capt. Jacobs and Lts. Klobusicky, Fiaschi and Balliot. The best of luck to you, girls, and may we be seeing you very soon.

We also extend a hearty welcome to our nurses back from overseas and the latest group from England General.

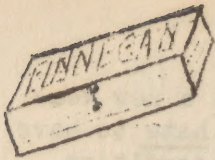
And now to get in a little sales talk.....What's the matter with you girls who have not joined the Officers' Club? Why not become one of the family and help make your stay at this post a happy one? A beautiful club - cheerful atmosphere - garden in the summer - fireplace in the winter - dances - latest records - swanky bar - not to forget those fine bartenders, Lee, Spencer, Fuller and Farrell, who will mix you anything from a mint julep to a coke with lemon juice. Let's start the coming season in good style.

'Bye until next time.

NEWS ITEM: Contact lenses the smart thing for post-war wear.

Dorothy Parker's famous remark
Can now be construed as merely a lark:
"Men seldom make passes
At girls who wear glasses..."
But girls, to get menses --
Just wear contact lenses!

ap



FINNEGAN'S FOOTLOCKER

By TEC 5/ PEARL T. JACKSON

FINNEGAN'S FOOTLOCKER, long may it last,
Beloved in the future as it was in the past;
Battered and shabby, tired and worn,
Splintered and smithered, old and forlorn.

REFRAIN: Finnegan's footlocker, solid old thing,
Faithful old veteran, of thee we sing!!!

Many the functions you proudly fulfilled,--
Guardian of undies, both G.I. and frilled;
Keeper of hosiery, cold cream, cravats,
Custodian of "personals", cosmetics and hats.

FINNEGAN'S FOOTLOCKER, substantial old bloke,
What wisdom must lurk 'neath your cover of oak;
What secrets are yours, standing guard by the bed,
Where nightly you nestle near Finnegan's head.

Each morning does Finnegan perch on your lid
As she slips on her stockings and shoes, the poor kid;
And when in the evening she wends her way home,
She plops herself down on your trustworthy dome.

(Repeat REFRAIN)

Finnegan's penchant, you know, is perfection,
And weekly, when mopping her place for inspection,
She shoves you aside, and most rudely exposes
The spot on the floor where your bottom reposes.

They painted your surface dull green circa '30,
And the passage of time has of course done you dirty;
Your youth has departed, you're old in your ways,--
But Finnegan also has seen better days.

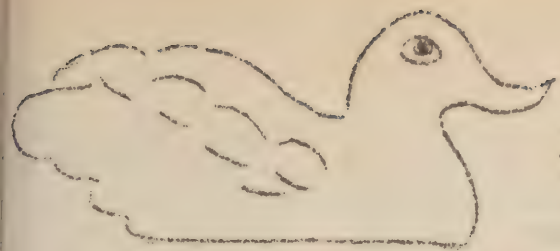
(Repeat REFRAIN)

FINNEGAN'S FOOTLOCKER, I fear for your future,
Some day on the salvage heap they're gonna bootcha.
You've toujours been loyal, ever-ready, dependable,
But the Q.M. has deemed it that you are expendable.

And so you will suffer a dire ignominy
When Armistice Day brings us all peace and hominy;
When Finnegan leaves you, as out she is mustered,
To return to Canarsie, with Victory flustered.

FINNEGAN'S FOOTLOCKER, it truly does burn us
To think of you smouldering in somebody's furnace;
But ever since Noah, humanity's attitude
Has been (and we own to it) one of ingratitude.

(Repeat REFRAIN - this time it's optional).



QUACK QUACK

The Monthly Staff Dinner has come and gone but the memory lingers on.... there was scrumptious food and decorations by that already famous two-some MARTY HEALY and FRANK SMITH who need no plugs from this column....Mert Flanders' opportune arrival just as we were cutting into that delicious filet....the arrival of the Navy led by Doug Munnikhuysen....the skeptical expression on the COLONEL's face during BEL-MAR's mental telepathy demonstration....the bewildered expression on HELEN TURNBULL's face when her question was drawn first from the bowl....MARY HEALY got the answer to her question - a 10 pound boy coming up....MARY CONLEY trying to pull a fast one by asking three questions... ..CHARLIE SANNER's blush on toto when told that wedding bells will soon be a-ringin' for him....BILL OETTING looking a little lost without his lovely Anne who is at home visiting with her hero brother....BETTY TURNBULL looking awfully cute in her Ingrid Bergman haircut....the vivacious ILA MANN MILLER keeping the COLONEL entertained....we missed the smiling ROSEMARY FREDIANI who is livening up Stone Harbor these days....also CECIL MILLER who couldn't tear himself away from that ten o'clock feeding....VI WOODRUFF was all smiles making her first appearances since the birth of little Stephen....everyone thought he was seeing double looking at Mrs. WEXLER and her sister-in-law....everyone seemed to have fun as usual and, it was all over too soon, or was it?

* * *

RUMORESQUE: If you've wondered why you can't locate FREDIANI these days it's because he's knitting - yep, little things! MARTY HEALY may have outdone him in the fishin' field but FREDDY is confident that he is going to win out in the Stork field....MESSEY is holding all bets.

This comes straight from the Post Stables....CHARLIE SANNER's horse is very sad over his neglect these days for a certa in female.... couldn't you combine your courtin' with some horseback riding, CHARLIE, just to keep everybody happy?

Monday, August 28th, was the day when MESSEY went all out for the Daily Double....it was number 2 or 3, but at what track JACK had to figure out for himself....never mind, JACKSON, there were only about 25 tracks running! FLASH: Here it is a week later and we still can't find JACK - must be on DS.

* * *

In case you haven't already heard, it's a girl at the CECIL MILLERS. Every time CECIL gets that Hospital Inspector's job something happens. Anybody wanting to take the job over should contact CECIL at the Annex....he's got a lovely office!

* * *

What we want to know is what SY KATZ did with that door prize he wonand something else: How does BETTE ALTER get her hair up in that intricate fashion and make reveille???...P.S. Who is CHARLIE SANNER trying to kid - his horse, BEL-MAR, or US?????

WHISPERS

S/Sgt. Eddie Judge

To those of you who remember Bob McKenna: Bob is now recuperating at England General Hospital from wounds received on the Poloesti oil field raid.... Bob was a waist gunner, and if you'd like to drop him a line, address your letter to M/Sgt. Bob McKenna, England General Hospital, Ward 9, Room 968....

Lige Potts did a "Flagpole Kelly" one day after a cat marooned in the top of a tree in front of the First Sergeant's Office....

A good reason for visiting the Tilton "A" Area....WAC Harriet Ainley... Veddy charming.....

Our very good friend of long standing, Lois Bray (no relation to John Bray)....Now Top Kick of the MAC Detachment at Tilton Medical Section....

A large "Bokay" to the patients who participated in the "Hospital Daze" show....They gave a stellar performance and deserve all the credit in the world for their hard work....Helen LoBello, Polly Johnston, Pearl Jackson and Golda Blumberg were more than a help to the show.....Especially that Hawaiian specialty of Polly and Helen's.....Yeah man!....

OLD TIMER'S DEPT.....Our good friend, Bob Geiger, wrote a letter to us about the fellers who had been here since Tilton started, and here is what happened to them since they left.....We quote Bob's letter just as he wrote it....

"The bulk of us went to the 144th Med. Trng. Bn., but I didn't.... Lavery, Girard, Isaacs, Barnett, Winkler, Kantor, Mace, Byers, Miknevich, Novak, Prueffer, Kazanski, Feldman, Dolias, Juday, Julius Cohen, George Moore, Proszek and Al Schreiner....This crew was put into an outfit that had only three more weeks of their basic to go, and although half of them had never even seen a pup tent, much less a field pack, they were tossed right in to the wolves....Right now they are on a five-day bivouac, and since they came here have had hand grenade practice, rifle training, have fired for the record, and have been issued 8 inch bayonets, which Girard wishes he could use in a kitchen someplace....(I almost forgot Clinedinst...he's in there too)....Ace Mace and the others who were always complaining about the softness of the Medics, are getting a bitter taste in their mouths as they eat the dust around here and shine up those rifles.... A few of them have been assigned to activated Units already...Miknevich, Prueffer and Pazoga....In Clerk's School are Winkler, Kantor, Isaacs, "yours truly", Zimmer, and Jerry Essayan, the old Manhattan Rebel of Barracks 8....We have teary discussions 'neath our helmet liners these cool but sunny days out here...(The climate is the best thing about the place.)

In my Battalion we have a few TGH characters....Aside from me there are Thurston Smith and Harvey Drake, ex-M.P.'s, Russ McLaughlin, ex-acting Motor Sgt. at the Garage, Harold Zimmer, ex-Adonis (?) of the Registrar's Office and unofficial receptionist in Ward 22 and the PX, where he was very well known, Norris Bass, ex-Patients' Mess, Benny (just call me Bronislaus) Paszel, or the "Barber of Bayonne", Charlie Salvage, ex-bulwark and artiste of Tilton Talk, and Joe

WHISPERS.....(continued)

"Mouse Man" Shedaker, one-time hero of the mice, bunnies and corpses in the Animal House and Morgue....This completes the listing, but doesn't begin to tell the tale.. These guys are becoming soldiers and hard as nails....Full field packs, night operations, longer and longer hikes, lectures on everything from Anatomy to Knots and Lashes and Hand-To-Hand Combat, Calisthenics....And deep tans and sunburns....Yes, they're a hardy looking crew who're having a hard time getting enough to eat on Field Rations after the abundance of TGH's Garrison feed....

I just remembered a few more...Leo Cross and "Shorty" Rowan....I think that's all but I may have left somebody out....When the boys are not on some kind of detail, night training or the like, groups of them gather in the large PX's or Service Clubs here and discuss the good old days at Tilton, which have gone and probably will never exactly return....Most of us have been to Tacoma or Seattle, and nearly everybody is disappointed, especially after being used to New York and Philly, and even Trenton....There just doesn't seem to be much to do....This is a great Post for not going on pass....Besides, most of us are broke, and pay-day is looked forward to with bated breath....

It costs in the neighborhood of four to five dollars to call home from here, depending on what type of call you put in, but several of the boys have done it already....The weather is wonderful....Coll in the mornings and nights, and just warm enough to let one know it's summer during the day....The air is clear, and there is no humidity or insects to bother you....Dust on the drill field is the only obnoxious thing....To the East Mt. Ranier shoots up into the clear blue sky, (when it isn't obliterated by clouds) and looks down on the surrounding territory for many, many miles....It's really quite a sight...

I've had a card from "Amigo" and guess you have too....He really must be sweating it out down there at O.C.S., as is Don Poinier....Am looking forward to hearing from them both when they make that "Gold Bar"....

That's about all I have to report...It's corny, but at least some of the names will be familiar to what's left of the "Old Guard"....Some of the birds out here could stand hearing some of your dialect jokes now to cheer them up...(By mail, Bob, by mail, and hope ya' like 'em)....Keep old New York going 'til we get back".....

Thanks a million for the letter, Bob, and from those of us who are left, the best of everything good to y'all....There's just one thing that puzzles me, and you didn't mention it in your letter....What goes with Harold Zimmer and his mail?....That guy really gets the mail bag dumped in his lap as a rule, and I wondered if he is keeping up his "correspondence"....Wouldn't be a bit surprised if he is still getting scented letters from Mittie Nation and Frances Gates, of our WAC Detachment....Or am I being too behind-the-times??....

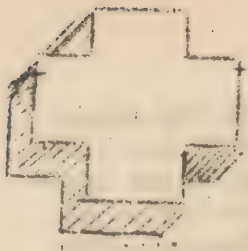
What a team Catharine Palmer, of the MDRP Office, and Casey Casserino would make!!!!.....

WAC Marie Ives walking on clouds with star-dust in her eyes.....

Sid Lillienberg biting his fingernails down to the elbow awaiting the stork....Take it easy, Sid, it happens every day.....

Ruth Waxman and her Chaplain hubby out shopping for a car.....

G'bye, now.....



RED CROSS NEWS

We apologize for last month's verse,
But rather suspect that this will be worse!
We try and try to think in prose,
But this is the way it always goes!

New faces? Oh yes, we've several more,
Not nicer than we had before,
But fun to know and have around.
Let's see--we'll try to cover ground.

Miss Moon's is a new Recreation Worker ...
And, as you'll see, she's not a shirker;
She's living in Building Number One,
And when she's around we're sure you'll have fun.

Edith Blackburn is our new Staff Aide,
She'll help you 'til your plans are made;
She's dark and interesting and interested too,
In doing things for all of you.

We really are quite pleased this time
To be able to welcome so many in rhyme.
Two new Social Workers have come to stay
And make, we hope, things go your way.

Miss Beck is living in House Number Two,
Charlotte Ehrerwerth is at "4" for you.
Won't you come to them if you've a problem?
'Cause they're the girls who are trained to solve 'em.

Have you been around in the evening of late?
Have you come around when you had no date?
If not - do come, we'll try to amuse you,
With shows and plays, or quizzes to confuse you!

The most fun of all; we're inclined to think,
Is a picnic with weinies, then coffee to drink,
And some singing around the outdoor fire,
Why one night we sounded just like a choir!

Don't think, however, it was all sweet and low,
You should have heard those hep-cats let go!
But if you've a mind that a picnic's too tame,
Would you like us to take you to a baseball game?

Or maybe there's something you'd rather do,
A Recreation Worker will be glad to help you.
At any rate, what we mean to say,
Is just come around and we'll make things gay!

"I LOVE YOU" // "WHO, ME!"

It has become a happy practice among the weissenheimers on Broadway to take the lyrics of popular songs and hold them up to what is laughingly called ridicule. Actually, of course, it only serves to make the tune more popular and, after all, that is why the one or two or half a dozen songwriters wrote the thing in the first place.

Therefore, with all due irreverence, we establish a beachhead on the first few lines of Cole Porter's I Love You (from "Mexican Hayride" currently showing on Broadway) and proceed with a sharp attack. Maestro....a-one, a-two!

"I LOVE YOU, hums the April breeze....."

Stop the music! Now, that's a very lovely thought -- and a good trick. How can the April breeze, versatile as it is, hum "I Love You" with its lips shut? Lock yourself in the latrine some afternoon and just see if you can hum the three words "I Love You", and make it sound like something. Furthermore, where was that April breeze during July and August? Obviously a temporary infatuation.

"I LOVE YOU, echo the hills....."

Everybody wantsa get into the act!

"I LOVE YOU, the golden dawn agrees....."

That makes the April breeze, the hills and the golden dawn. Now if it can pass the Senate it will become law.

".....as once more she sees daffodils."

It's spring again, and birds on the wing again....."

Pardon us for pointing, but the wing, Mr. Porter, is on the bird.

".....start to sing again the old melody."

There's another one I wanna see in person. Please show me the bird that can sing the old melody -- or even "Mairzy Doats" -- and you can name the key.

"I LOVE YOU, that's the song of songs....."

So, Solomon was a bum!

".....and it all belongs to you and me."

With that and a fifty-thousand dollar legacy we're sitting pretty.

Next?

Wactual Facts

by Taps Pearl Jackson

In the near future we'll witness three broken male hearts round about Fort Dix, their sorry possessors being Dick Reesman, Jack Clougher, and Danny Manfredo. Reason? Mickey Dion, Doris Martin and Ruth Sullivan are anticipating an ocean voyage. So are Jane Perot, Elouise Bruder, Florence Van Amber and "Brownie" Lo-Bello; and Ruth Rubenstein has been transferred to an air field in Alabama. Happy landings to you all. We hate to see the passing of the old guard, but orders are orders, and anyway, we're fairly adept at saying goodbye from long experience.

Cpl. Matt Moran is hard at work on his sequel to "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn". Matt has entitled his opus "An Erster Sperls in Greenpernt". We don't see nearly as much as we'd like of the good old corporal any more, for he's hard at work over at the Reconditioning Barracks, or "Matt's Compound", as that area is now known.

Always something new. WAC Detachment #1 for the first time boasts the presence of a pair of sisters--Pfc Dorothy Krushank and Pvt. Eleanor Rose. The girls were recently transferred from the Annex. Dorothy has been assigned to the Medical Library and Rose to the Post Office. The Tilton Post Office is indeed a gloomy establishment these days, what with Sgt. Bray in the hospital.

Our tired old heart is cheered by the romance between Pvt. George Morley and Pvt. "Ginny" Spears. George always escorts Ginny to the jitney with a blissful countenance, and we heard him singing at his work the other day. And since romance is a topic of interest to most of us, aren't 1st Sgt. Weldon Lacey and Pvt. Ruby Morse a handsome couple? Tres distingue, as we say in Flatbush.

A new record in nervousness was established a few Sundays ago when Pfc Jack Tiger appeared on the Tom Slater broadcast at the Annex. Jack trembled and shook himself out of a year's growth, and when the ordeal was over, he was too weak to fight off the autograph seekers. Your voice sounded fine, Jack, if that's any consolation to you.

Foremost among the contestants for the title of "Most Happily Married Man at Tilton" is Pfc Jack Gesten. Though he's a mere infant (from the point of view of your hoary columnist), Jack has been wed for over a year, met his wife in the 5th grade, and has never looked twice at another girl, so he says. Jack takes to philosophizing about wedded bliss as he mops the P.X. at 2100 each evening.

Our delicate sensibilities were rudely jolted when Pvt Vince Clark informed us casually that he has been married five times. Great kidder, that Vince. You know, strictly dead-pan stuff. Incidentally, Vince hails from Long Island, where he and his brothers have captured innumerable swimming awards.

We happened to glance through a personnel roster, and were impressed by the euphonious first-names to be found in WAC Detachment #2. For example, there are Willene, Velma, Olethia, Ozelle, Claudine, Christel, Wilhelmina, Noreen, Wilmetta, Cleo, Prunell, Lattie, Arjean, Eulis, Korinne and Ola.

Pvt. Willard Warne, erstwhile P.X. bartender, takes a postman's holiday on his night off. Willie is very much enthused about a place called "The Barracks Bar", the exact location of which is somewhat cloaked in mystery.

We hear that the gullible Sgt. Norvell has been inquiring if there's really such a song as "Mailman, Keep Those Letters Quiet".

There's a new addition to the Men's Detachment who puts us very much in mind of Jim Walsh, though he's a slightly more subdued version of "Shakespeare". His name is Pvt. Thomas Michael--"Mike" to his pals, and he's back on rotation after 23 months in the New Guinea jungles. Mike is given to histrionics and horse-play, and his repertoire ranges from Mickey Rooney to C. Aubrey Smith.

Aren't Pvts. Elma Fox and Bill Sheehan the cutest little couple you ever saw? Emily Tyczynski and Larry Malone have all the symptoms too.

First manifestation of the arrival of autumn is the ascent in popularity of the joint day room, neglected all summer in favor of the great outdoors. Ah, but the night air is nippy now, and we are willingly lured inside.

Dick Mantell is back from the State of Washington, attending O.C.S. at Carlisle, Pa., which accounts for Margie Robertson's beaming face. Dick is only 150 miles away now.

We were much abashed at the representation of gold-braid which appeared at the patients' show August 24th, with Col. Turnbull himself in the front row. Most successful gag of the piece was Squinch's complaint to Mathilda, as he patted the heads of his two offspring, "Gosh, I only had two 3-day passes in ten years." Skinny Minnie, as portrayed by Pvt. Robert Bazan of the 102nd Division, almost brought down the house. Bob's lanky 6'3" frame was fetchingly decked in a grass skirt and flowered bra, the latter slipping downward during his number.

Most encouraging trend of all is the discussion now taking place in G.I. circles all over the globe on the mustering out problem. The point system that has been proposed seems like an adequate solution to us, though of course it goes hard with those who have not tasted the joys of connubial bliss. Anyway, no matter how the matter is eventually settled, it brings gladness to our war-weary hearts morely to debate upon the celestial subject of "how and when do we go", and proves what we've known all along--that we're kinda on the home stretch now.

The Princeton Film Center is making a film entitled "Army Doctor", and several of the scenes are being shot at Tilton and Fort Dix. Ten patients and two nurses have been selected to appear in the film, and we wouldn't be at all surprised to find TGH swarming with Hollywood talent scouts, and bombarded with offers of long-term contracts once the picture is released.

We have been trying to imagine what Tilton will be like when John Brennie gets his discharge. John has been with us as a patient for over a year, is currently ensconced in Ward 35, and can generally be found on the ramp, genially discussing a variety of topics with all and sundry who pass by. John is a New York boy, born and raised on Baxter Street. He's still fancy-free, but hopes to find romance in the old neighborhood after the war.

With the approach of Labor Day, we nostalgically recall the dear old days when this, the last holiday of the season, meant packing a picnic lunch, donning a bathing suit somewhat shabby after a summer of use and abuse, bundling into a 1940 LaSalle, and making our way merrily to the shore, there to frisk and frolic in the sun, roast weenies, drink bottled beer, sing the latest songs, and revel in the sheer joy of being alive and having a respite from the grind of the office. Ah, but this year Labor Day is aptly titled, and it will mean exactly that--Labor!! Count up your points, boys, for Labor Day of 1945 may find some of you lolling on the sands of Jones Beach again--or sailing on Lake Michigan.

SIDELIGHTS

C
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S

BIG-FOOTED SEABEE GETS WOODEN BROGANS - (South Pacific) -



A sad sack of a Sea-
bee here was walking
around barefoot for
weeks because no one
could supply him with
his shoe size - a neat
14½. His problem was
solved by the natives,
however, who built a
pair for him out of
canvas and wood.

STEEL FOXHOLE COVER SAVES SOLDIER'S

LIFE- (France) - Pvt. Sam Gwin, of
Great Falls, S.C., dug a foxhole and
covered it with a steel plate from a
captured German armored car. Then he
fell asleep inside. A few minutes
later an .88 shell landed smack on top
of the plate and rang it like a cowbell.
Gwin was unhurt.

NAZI WEAPONS REPAIRED BY YANKS AT

CHERBOURG -(Cherbourg) - An abandoned
French lumber warehouse has been con-
verted into a massive supply room where
German supplies captured by Yanks are
being repaired for use by the Allies.

Captured equipment already put back into
service includes Japanese and Italian
weapons, Russian machine guns, German
firearms and even some guns from Ameri-
can aircraft, all of which were used by
the Germans in the defense of the Norman
peninsula.

RED FLIER TOP ACE - (Russia) - Undisputed
Allied ace of aces in World War II is
Lt. Col. Alexander Pokryshkin, of the
Soviet Air Force, who has downed 59
planes.

JAPAN WINNING WAR- JAP SOLDIERS SAY -

(Guam) - Civilian residents of Guam got
a peculiar picture of the war from the
Japs during the Nipponese occupation of
this island.

One liberated Guam civilian told Ma-
rines that the Japs said they had cap-
tured the Hawaiian Islands, sailed
through the Panama Canal, destroyed the
U.S. Fleet and billeted in Washington.

COAST GUARDSMAN NAMED TO ARMY NCO CLUB

POST - (Camp Gordon Johnston, Fla.) -
"Old Soldiers Never Die", but if they
did, they might turn over in their
graves upon hearing the latest news from
this camp:

A Coast Guardsman, Robert Preim, BM2c,
has just been elected to the Non-Com-
missioned Officers' Club Board of Di-
rectors. Preim is teaching a small
boat course at the ASTP Center here.

LAFF O' THE WEEK -(Southwest Pacific) -

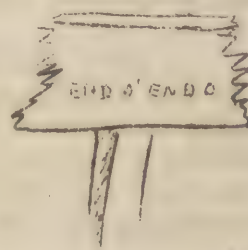
Adm. Kiichi Endo, commander of a Jap
fleet routed recently at New Guinea, is
believed to have fled his sinking ship
and perished in the Cyclops jungles.

An American staff of-
ficer with a flair
for signposts, erected one in Endo's me-
mory at a plantation
bordering the jungle
where the Admiral
died. It reads: "Ad-
miral Endo Slept
Here."

On Palm Beach near

Hollandia is another

sign: "Admiral Endo Fled Here." And deep
in the jungle is the American officer's
final tribute to the Jap: "Admiral Endo
Dead Here - End o' Endo."



O.T. NEWS

Speaking of activities, good deeds, and honest-to-goodness cheer, Tilton's "Gray Ladies" exemplify all three. Their contribution to the recovery of our wounded is immeasurable. You see them darting through the corridors, as busy as bees, and you may wonder what they are up to. Here's some of the info:--

They are volunteer members of the Hospital Recreation Corps and are just American housewives who are always so anxious to help others. They are doing a marvelous job and to listen to what the boys have to say will convince the most skeptical.

They work out of the Occupational Therapy workshop, receive their instructions, materials, tools, etc., from the shop's registered O.T.s. They are always eager for information and possess considerable ability with the many craft activities. They are under the able guidance of Sgt. Mae Nally and Miss Betty Beatty. They love their work and the patients eagerly await their visits.

The Red Cross Motor Corps provides their transportation and the other expenses involved are covered by themselves.

Mrs. Hassell, of Moorestown, New Jersey, one of the members of the corps, has been active at Tilton for the past three years. She says: "It is the greatest satisfaction to be able to give the boys, bored with tedious hours of convalescence, something constructive and interesting to occupy part of that time." She adds that "some of my pupils are very good and often excel the teacher!"

Mrs. Harrison, of Jacobstown, Chesterfield Road, Chesterfield Township, New Jersey, another member who has been active at Tilton for the past two years, comments that she enjoys "the work tremendously and that a good many of the fellows I instruct in soap carving (ed: her specialty) claim it's a good deal easier and more absorbing than wood carving." Smilingly she says she may be prejudiced.

What these ladies have said is just an example of what the others say. Included are: Mrs. G. Mackert, Mrs. L. M. Hardman, Mrs. H. W. Allen, Mrs. F. R. Wallace, Mrs. E. D. Garrison, Mrs. J. V. Bishop, Mrs. G. Moore, Mrs. R. Eagle, Mrs. R. McClenahan and Mrs. J. Brown.

We say many thanks to them and we are sure they know how the boys feel about it, too.

And while we're in the credit department, Pvt. Barton Hickman (Ward 29) deserves lots for his fine work with the printing press.

Pvt. John Kehoe (Ward 28), Pfc Charles Ballard (Ward 29) Sgt. Benjamin Peelfry, and Pvt. Clarence Metcalf (Ward 28) get a big hand for their swell job on the scenery for "Hospital Daze."



NEVER MET the General by R. Arredondo

Perhaps ego makes the world go round. Someone told us they liked this column and it put us in such a beneficent mood that we held the mess hall door open for a WAC. She smiled appreciatively and good naturedly offered to sew a button on one of the cooks' jackets. He was so pleased that he handed out larger helpings than usual. So if you had a stomachache one day last week it's because we've been stealing some good material lately.

&

But you can accomplish a lot with a little flattery. It is something we are all susceptible to and you get a vicarious thrill out of seeing the guy or gal stammering, "Aw, gee, do you really think so?" Try it out right now by telling your neighbour that he did a fine job of _____ (fill in whatever he did) the other day...we offer this advice in a spirit of pure altruism with absolutely no ulterior motives...despite the knowledge that Dale Carnegie made himself a million dollars by saying exactly the same thing...of course, if it works and you like to send us a couple of bucks...

&

Practising more or less what we preach, we would like to nominate Walter Winchell, columnist, for this year's Pulitzer Prize in journalism. Winchell is maligned and applauded by readers throughout the country, but there is no denying the clarion call of his column. He has proven that he is a fearless, two-fisted writer who speaks up with cold, hard facts for America, and uses vitriolic, damning truth against our enemies. That's in the best traditions of our country and fills the requirements of the Pulitzer Prize committee.

&

We've heard several wonderful gags lately, but unfortunately, they are more than slightly off color. If you recognize us in the detachment area or the hospital, stop us and we'll be glad to give them to you sotto voce.

&

We in the Public Relations office have been distributing tickets to the Arturo Toscanini concert for this Sunday, September 3, as well as for the one last Sunday. The patients were invited by the sponsors of the programs, the General Motors Company...we were slightly dismayed when one of the patients looked at us with a poker face and asked, "Who's the vocalist with Toscanini's outfit?"

&

Wouldn't it be grand to have whimsical Will Rogers among those present these days? We wonder what he'd have to say about the state of the world, the war, the peace, Hitler. The wrong guys die, don't they....You may recall a terrific downpour we had a short time ago. Well, the roofing over one of the corridors in the hospital was not what it might have been and so there was a steady drip-

ping. Someone solved the problem by hanging a pail right beneath the leak. But passersby had a good giggle every time they noticed it because the pail was leaking too!....Louis Saxe and Leon Nelson of the Dental Clinic relayed the story to us.

&

The whole detachment was busy with slide rules, adding machines and sawed-off pencil stubs during the early part of the week. The excitement was caused by a rumor that the War Department would base its Army demobilization plans on a point system which involved much calculation. The idea of it, quite simply, was to let out the men and women first who had entered the service first. The point system means that a man will get one point for each month he has spent in the service, one additional point for each month spent overseas, additional points for battles, awards and marital status. A man receives 8 points if he is married, and 4 points for each child. Or something like that.No points for an affair.

&

If you read the papers carefully during the days just before the fall of Paris you may have come across this story: A German Colonel in charge of a garrison in a small town in southern France decided the jig was up and had no recourse but to surrender. And so he donned his most resplendent uniform and waited in the town square for the enemy to arrive....As the first American in uniform walked toward him he removed his shining sword and held it out. "To whom," he asked, "do I have the privilege of surrendering?" The American looked back at him and grinned. "The Associated Press!" was the answer.

&

A New York woman received word from her son that he was coming home on furlough for the first time in two years. She was overjoyed and decided to make his favorite dish for him, chopped liver and onions. But the poor woman trudged from one vegetable store to another in a vain search for onions. There was one last possibility--the peddler....Next morning she rose bright and early and was the first one to meet Mr. Farnelli. "Mr. Farnelli," she said, "I'll buy from you 3 pounds apples, one peck potatoes, please give me one pound onions." He shook his head. "Is no onions," he said. "Mr. Farnelli, I'll buy from you 5 pounds apples, 2 pecks potatoes, please give me half pound onions.""Is no onions,""Mr. Farnelli, I'll buy from you 8 pounds apples, 3 pecks potatoes, please give me two onions." Once again he shook his head. "Mr. Berger," he asked, "who put the honey in honeydew melon?" She thought a moment. "The farmer," she answered...."Right! And who put the goose in gooseberries, Mrs. Berger?""The farmer.""Right! Now, Mrs. Berger, who put the stink in onions?""There is no stink in onions, Mr. Farnelli.""That's what I'm trying to tell you, Mrs. Berger, there is no stinkin' onions!"

&

Here is a private dream we can let you in on. We dreamt the other night that we were preparing an issue of TILTON TALK and that just as we were about to run off the final page, the news came in that Germany had fallen. We ripped out the page, wrote up the story, and beat every newspaper in the country by getting the issue distributed immediately. So watch the next few issues of TILTON TALK carefully. We may do it yet.



The Mail Sack

Christmas cards and Christmas parcels for personnel of the Armed Forces overseas must be mailed during the period beginning September 15, 1944, and ending October 15, 1944--and the earlier the better. Christmas greeting cards for soldiers overseas must be sent in sealed envelopes and pre-paid at the first-class rate.

The term "armed forces overseas" includes the personnel of our armed forces who receive their mail through an A.P.O. or Fleet P.O. or through a naval installation or station in care of the postmaster of Seattle.

No requests from the addressees are required in connection with Christmas parcels mailed to Army personnel during this period only. Patrons should endorse each gift parcel "Christmas Parcel."

Christmas parcels shall not exceed the present limits of 5 pounds in weight or 15 inches in length or 36 inches in length and girth combined. Not more than one Christmas parcel or package shall be accepted for mailing in any one week when sent by, or on behalf of, the same person or concern to or for the same addressee.

Christmas parcels for members of the Army personnel leaving home stations en route overseas shortly before or subsequent to October 16, 1944, will be accepted after October 15, 1944, upon presentation by the sender of a change of address notification (W.D.A.G.O. Form 204 or equivalent notice) from the addressee received subsequent to September 30, 1944, provided the parcels come within the prescribed limits of weight and size and are endorsed "Christmas Parcel."

No intoxicants, inflammable materials (including matches and lighter fluids), poisons, perishable or fragile articles which may injure employees or damage the mails.

Sgt. John E. Bray

The MPs at the Air Base deserve one of our lowest bows of respect and thanks. Every now and so often we have been receiving shipments of patients who arrive at Fort Dix by plane and must be brought from the airfield to Tilton. The Air Base MPs have been of inestimable help in this chore--directing traffic, leading the convoys, facilitating the transfer.

Pvt. Marjorie Ryan, our beautiful Dispatcher, was sent to the Air Base recently to pick up some patients. There were no patients in the vast hangar when she arrived, so Marj looked around for a phone. Not a one to be seen. But then, from out of nowhere, came the fair knight on his white charger. Well, an MP in a jeep. He solved the problem by letting Marj use the phone in his jeep. The day was saved. The knight wasn't bad, either.

Such service!

LIBRARY HOURS

Medical and Surgical Sections

Daily: 0830 - 2030

Sundays: 1300 - 1600

Telephone

Medical Section - 7200

Surgical Section - 7256

Library Notes

First happenings are not always the most important happenings, but there is this to be said about them : they always have to happen first. After pondering over this weighty thought we turned, to Joseph Nathan Kanes' book FAMOUS FIRST FACTS: A Record of First Happenings, Discoveries and Inventions in the United States and admit to being interested. Herewith we submit some first facts for your wondering consideration.

THE FIRST

Tape measure patent - July 14, 1868
European born on American soil (Snorro) - 1007
Baby carriage factory - 1858
President who was a bachelor - March 4, 1857
Milk to be condensed - 1851
Popcorn introduced to colonists - February 27, 1630
Square bottom paper bags - February 20, 1872
Advertisement - May 1, 1704
Detachable collars - 1829
Chewing gum patent - December 28, 1869
Dental chair designed - 1848
Potato chips - 1865
Beer brewed in America - 1640
Kentucky Derby races - May, 1875
No-hit baseball game - July 14, 1876
Basket-ball - 1892
Sports writer - 1839
Waffle iron patent - August 24, 1869
Safety razors - 1895
Camel race - April 7, 1864
Street cleaning service - 1897
Apple parer - February 14, 1803
Oyster cocktail - 1866
Ice cream sundae - 1897
Library - 1698
E/M, Annex library worker, transferred to another Post, to return for a visit - Pvt. Edward Dilts, 24 August, 1944.

A visit to your library may tell you the WHO of all these things, perhaps the WHERE and even, sometimes, the WHY.

practically anything

A favorite form of GI humor, and one method of venting pent-up feelings on the matter, is taking a crack at an officer or a superior non-com. One of the most recent stories to come our way is in the former category and runs like so: Two Officers were having an argument about the subject of matrimony. Said the first, "The way I figure it, marriage is about 90% work and 10% fun." "You're wrong," said the other, "it's about 25% work and 75% fun." At this point, a private standing nearby, piped, "If you will pardon me, sirs, matrimony is 100% fun and no work at all." "How do you figure that?" asked the two. "It's very simple," replied the soldier. "If there were any work in it at all, you guys would have me doing it."

All persons working in a Public Relations Office or in any way connected with Security and Intelligence are fully impressed with the necessity for secrecy and the importance of revealing information only to those who are authorized to know anything about it. Now it is not our intention to make mock of our superiors, but we can just see the expression on the face of the officer who was given the task of preparing a factual report on heavy ordnance. It so happened that he was somewhat pressed for time, just then, and anyway the facts were all beautifully arranged in an article in the Encyclopedia Britannica, so he copied it verbatim and sent it on to the proper higher authorities. Not long thereafter he, along with all his fellow officers, received a mimeographed copy of his report from the War Department in an envelope heavily sealed and labeled "Extremely Confidential."

SEEN AROUND THESE LAST FEW WEEKS : -the new, big busses running on the post... and with them the new uniforms for some of the bus drivers...and not to be outdone, the new shuttlebus from Surgical to Medical and back, which reminds Sgt. Larcy of a dachshund...returned overseas soldiers wearing the new "length of service" stripes on their left sleeves. Each stripe means six months across the water...Pvt. Mary Brophy of the QM office sighing enviously every time an officer comes in there for clearance or for gasoline prior to leaving for Camp Chaffee, Arkansas. Why this sudden affection for Arkansas? Mary's rather recently acquired husband, Lt. Vincent Brophy is stationed at Chaffee...only patients allowed in the PX restaurant of an afternoon...

As a civilian living off the post we have run into the housing problem and have had, of recent date, to move from one of the many houses in which George Washington slept in Bordentown, to one across the street. This, too, is an old structure, so we asked our hostess whether GW had spent any time there in his social life. She said he hadn't, but that there was a legend connected with the original building which had stood on that very corner before the Revolutionary War.

According to the story a British officer came knocking at the door one day

during that war, asked for the mistress of the house and said to her, "Madam, I am very sorry, but the exigencies of battle demand that I burn your house." To which she replied very coolly, "Sir, you need not apologize to me, for your cause is lost in any case." And with even more coolness and aplomb she took her knitting and her rocking chair out into the middle of the street and calmly sat there while the house burned down.

We can see now whence comes all the blue blood which the D.A.R. and such-like organizations claim to have inherited. It just never got warm enough to be a healthy red in color.

The GI's at Beaumont General Hospital should all be perfectly groomed these days, the barber shop having been completely taken over by women employees. So far, there have been no complaints.

At the last broadcast of "This is Fort Dix" from Tilton Annex on Sunday 20 August, one of the men in the show was so nervous and his hands shook so that the breeze created by his script could be felt all the way back to the fourth row. He said, afterwards, that his knees were giving his hands close competition, and that despite the fact that it was a fine, cool day, the back of his shirt was soaked with perspiration. A member of the band who had sympathetically watched this performance was reminded of what had happened to him on his first broadcast. He was supposed to sing several numbers, and since he was not too sure of the words he wrote them out and held the paper in his hand. Everything started out beautifully, but the farther he progressed, the worse they became. His hands trembled so that he couldn't read what was written on the paper, and he had to ad lib as best he could. Since he was a smart boy he decided to profit by the experience and for the next song he put the paper with the words on a music stand near the mike and shoved his hand firmly into his pockets. And this time everything was fine. No shaking hands, no ad libbing. After the show, though, the band leader, after praising him for his successful debut said, "That was swell, Joe, but what was that peculiar jingling while you were singing the second song?" It was Joe's key ring beating a tattoo on the loose change in his pocket.

If you have wondered how many full general the United States has had from the beginning of its history, we'll let you in on some public information. There have been fourteen altogether (fifteen, if "Uncle Joe" Stilwell is promoted by the time this goes to press), and the largest proportion of them are in this war. They are, starting with the Revolution: George Washington, U.S. Grant, William T. Sherman, Philip H. Sheridan, John J. Pershing, Tasker H. Bliss, Peyton C. March, Charles P. Summerall, Douglas MacArthur, Malin Craig, George C. Marshall, John L. Hines, Dwight D. Eisenhower, Henry H. Arnold and, tentatively, Joseph Stilwell.

Civilian employees are desperately ^{needed} at Tilton as well as at Fort Dix. If you know anybody interested in working here by all means get them to see Miss Ryan at Tilton or Mr. McGinness at Civilian Personnel on the post.

HERE & THERE AROUND TILTON

TILTON PATIENTS BREAK INTO THE MOVIES.

The Army Service Forces are making a movie short about the Army Doctor - somewhat like the shorts they have already made about the Chaplains' Corps and the Negro Soldier - and leading actors in it are about a dozen patients from Tilton and two of its most attractive nurses, Lt. Murtha and Lt. Zampetti. They went to Princeton, New Jersey, for the shooting, and should start getting fan mail from admiring audiences very shortly.

NEW SHUTTLEBUS - In the last couple of weeks you might, if you were observant, have noticed what looked like an airlines limousine with a coat of lustreless OD paint running around the camp. It's the new shuttlebus which goes from one section of the hospital to the other and it's lots more comfortable than the trucks they have been using for that purpose, in addition to carrying more passengers.

WELCOME TO THE DETACHMENT - Last week twenty-three new men joined the forces of those already present. They all come from overseas by way of the 1260th, and have been assigned to various positions which were open in the surgical service. It's quieter here than out in the battle areas, but it is, no doubt, an acceptable change.

DIRECTORY SECTION MOVED - Wednesday, 30 August, was moving day for part of the post office staff. The directory section, under the supervision of T/4 Norvell, left the Surgical section of the hospital and moved to their own

building in the former Station Hospital Area. It will mean more room for the staff left here and even more for those making the move. That will also mean, they all say, much better service at both places.

A NEW FACE IN THE CHIEF NURSE'S OFFICE-

And a very attractive face it is, too. Major Dorothy Kruse Miller is now the assistant principal chief nurse at the Surgical section, and Major Dreddy is in the hospital as a patient due for retirement.

Also in the hospital as patients are several more nurses, the majority of whom have been overseas. Get well, everybody! We'd rather have you with us getting around on your feet than lying on your backs.

WACS COMING AND GOING- In the very recent past nine WACS have left Tilton for Fort Oglethorpe and points east on the other shore of the pond. They are: Pfc. Ruth Hammond who went first and the following eight who left this week: Sgt. Jane D. Perot, Cpl. Anna M. Dion, Cpl. Helen B. LoBello, Pfc. Florence M. VanAmber, Pvt. Eloise Bruder, Pvt. Ruth D. Sullivan, Pvt. Doris R. Martin and Pvt. Anna L. Levitsky. (Anna is from Co. 3.)

Another departure was that of Pvt. Ruth Rubenstein who went to Gunter Field, Montgomery, Alabama.

To counterbalance all these enlisted women who have left we have a recent arrival in Pvt. Virginia M. Martin, who comes from the Coast Artillery School at Ft. Monroe, Virginia.



"For two pins I would park the car and kiss you," said the wolf.

"Here, take these," the gal replied, "my hair will come undone anyway."

Bomb-Bay Messenger

Coming home late one night, a man found the following message, in the handwriting of his slightly illiterate maid, fastened to the telephone:

Mz Nx Kuldop

Zo Zun Ykam Kulrop

Nemera Owlete Tzgonabe

Kulrope

He lay awake half the night wondering what the mysterious message could mean.

In the morning the maid explained:

"Mrs. Nix called up. So soon you come, call her up. No matter how late it's gonna be, call her up."

Hammond Rx

Girl elevator operator, alone in the car with a soldier: "Going up...going up...anybody else going up? Please, will somebody go up?"

Baxter Bugle

Shocked by the language used by two men repairing electrical circuits recently, the Chaplain reported them to the Adjutant, who ordered the men to make a report of the incident. Here is what Pvt. Smith wrote: "Me and Pvt. Jones were on the job and I was up the pole and accidentally let the hot lead fall on him and it went down his neck and Pvt. Jones looked up at me and said: "Really, Pvt. Smith, you must be more careful."

Greenwood Gremlin

Prayer for privates about to enter battle: "Oh Lord, please distribute the enemy's shots like the pay - mostly among officers."

The Kennedean

Two GI's lived for months on dehydrated beef, dehydrated milk, dehydrated butter and vegetables. Visiting a Cairo museum they saw their first mummy.

"This is going too far," said one, "Now they're dehydrating women."

Foster Forum

Captain: "Your reports should be written in such a manner even the most ignorant may understand them."

Sergeant: "Yes, sir, what part is it you don't understand?"

Bomb-Bay Messenger

GI version of a once-popular song:

"Praise the Lord, the ammunition passed me."

A beautiful mermaid suddenly popped up alongside a destroyer negaged in convoy duty in the Caribbean. More surprising still, she had a little infant in her arms. "I just want to know," she said to the stupefied sailor at the rail, "if you have a diver on this boat named Schultz."

Bomb-Bay Messenger

Then there's the story about the sailor who married a glass blower's daughter, and soon they started raising little goblets.

Borden News

Tired after a hard day, a distinguished Congressman in Washington handed the menu back to the waiter and said: "Just bring me a good meal." A good meal was served and the Congressman gave the waiter a generous tip. "Thank yo', suh," the waiter said. "And if yo' got any fren's what can't read, yo' jus' san' 'em to me, suh!"

Floorcraft

ALL HEARTS
RESOLVED;

TO VICTORY
OR DEATH!

LA MARSEILLAISE